

# hallmarks





Corinne Mynatt (12)



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## Sonnet

A godlike smile paints across his face  
And makes right my every wrong.  
As I take his hand in a soft embrace  
We start swaying to our song.

And when we dance, he blends to air,  
Moving softly behind my step.  
Blushing away from his constant stare,  
I sink my head into his neck.

My secrets sprint to the comfort of his ear,  
Where all confessions dwell.  
Our bodies were still moving to the song so dear  
When came the moment of my hell.

The brush against a splintered table proved fatal for my  
mate,  
Horried with heartbreak, I watched my perfect lover  
deflate.

Kazzie Zerface (12)



## Shampoo Standards

orange flowers  
oh my soul  
draggin' me back  
to flipping ponytails  
damp with sweat  
soaking with tradition  
of an old sort  
not enough diluted  
and very much massaged  
into her scalp  
with sweet-smelling lyes

it's gently untangled by mahogany hands  
that know their trade  
but try to avoid  
too much feeling of their own  
amidst youth's bright floral chains

Laura Lee (10)



Ellen Fuson (11)



## To My Friends (ACEJAMS)

In a time not far away from now  
you'll be just a dream,  
the nostalgic knot left in my throat  
with each passing memory.  
Whether as the little girls I knew,  
barely four foot two,  
or the beautiful women you've become,  
I'll know that it's you.  
I'll hear a song and think of you  
and smile at the notion.  
My one regret is you're not there  
to share the same emotion.  
A day won't go when I don't pray  
that you are safe and fine,  
and while in prayer, I'll thank the Lord  
that you're a friend of mine.  
Though your faces show in only dreams,  
and to remember leaves me sad,  
I'll smile somewhere within my heart  
Because you're the best I'll ever have.

Elizabeth Ramsey(12)



stale love radiated from the unwashed sheets  
i curled up against the cornered walls  
trying to escape the uninviting smell  
reaching for his hand the tears began to pour  
he looked at me  
promised  
he wasn't thinking of her

Helen Martin (12)



Betty Elrod (12)



## Good Morning America

Too early in the morning  
Eggs cracked open, and yolky eyes drip gooey yellow  
sleepy.  
Rinsed away with a splash of milk,  
Bisquick plastered to the face.  
Strawberries smeared across the cheek,  
Sugar sprinkled on chatty lips.  
Oranges cut and filed, painted a juicy color.  
Bacon greased and fried,  
Frizzled to the last strand.  
Sausage links hung from ears,  
Ironed waffles clothe fruit skin.  
Pigs slipped into blanketing shoes and  
All whisked together to bring the morning news.  
Breakfast served on hot TVs.  
Baked and cooked television personalities  
Ready to serve  
The hot  
And fresh.

Kathleen Serck(12)





Catherine Carroll (12)



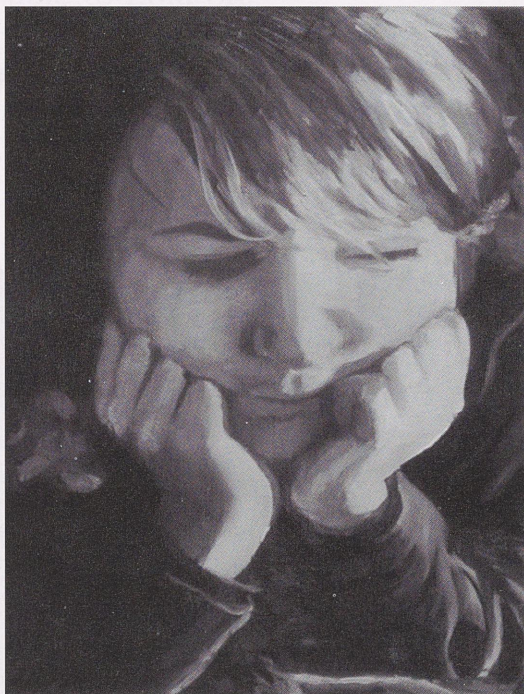
## Busy Signal

i can feel a calling deep within,  
that punctures my heart and  
leaves a hole i cannot mend.  
i am twisted in my own destiny and  
cannot make out your pure words of wisdom.  
Like hungry scissors devouring a silky cloth,  
Your insight feasts on my mind and  
digests my thoughts,  
For when you place unspoken ideas into my HEART,  
my brain is forced to translate your foreign language  
into a tongue i can comprehend.  
But still,  
You do not speak aloud and  
the only way i truly hear what you are saying,  
is through a silent conversation  
that never seems to end.  
Our unspoken words lead  
to a concealed pandemonium of feeling,  
that boils inside  
and brings a frustration  
lurking beneath my weary existence,  
For i struggle with the constant agony  
of finding the inception of my life.  
You pound me with answers,  
Yet i am too ignorant to hear what you are forever  
saying.



i try to release your monotonous silence  
that wraps me in a warm blanket of power,  
but i only feel obligated to your calling  
that bubbles inside of me like a sip of red wine.  
It is then that i realize  
that the one who  
leaves a crevice that cuts deep into my heart,  
is not the faint calling that is left to be misunderstood,  
but is the lack of my relationship with you.

Nancy Sisk (9)



Ciana Pullen (11)



## The Crusade

Do not retreat now from this bed and leave  
Spoils behind, you who conquer pain and hate  
And battle with carnal thoughts, from your wounds  
bleed,  
But do not part. No! Pray, capitulate  
Not to lust. True to your beauty remain  
And pervert not yourself, lovely and good.  
Await the glory of victory gained.  
And if perchance surrender you should,  
Fear not oh Love. For in my Little Death  
I live within him and He in me, two  
Into one into three. Ah Love, in God, in Death,  
In these sheets you live. So when slain true  
Am I and eternity is my bed  
Love I bring you home, for by your Love I was fed.

Erin Russell (12)



Ellen Fuson (11)



He traces a spiral on my wrist  
and I start to fumble my words.

I'm more than an empty room,  
I'm a twisting dirt road to somewhere undecided-  
that rides on dark clouds or in the fast lane, occasion-  
ally.

I can't tell you why, maybe someday.  
It's the surfacing risk or me  
not being able to hold on.

I ignore cheap nights and fall for sweet ones,  
that end up throwing sand in my eyes that stings for  
months.

I breathe deep and take in the trickling satisfaction of  
wonder  
and just plain beauty.

I have my friend  
s to cry to;  
to laugh with, about these small failures.

And little by little I create the undecided  
and pave the road.

Christine Souder (9)





Ciana Pullen (11)



## Watcher

The evening sky dances a thousand stars,  
Spirits wander lightly as the wind roars.  
Listen hard, like a child that didn't hear the first time.  
Sink your feet in the sand and wiggle your toes.

She lays her antique fingers against theirs,  
and smooths over the chipped polish on their nails.

She could watch the world for hours, She could write  
for hours,  
She could dance with him forever.

She lets all things stand still while her eyes wander,  
watching the young girls laugh,  
watching the brothers smile,  
watching the children sing.  
She is changed by them, still.

Christine Souder (9)



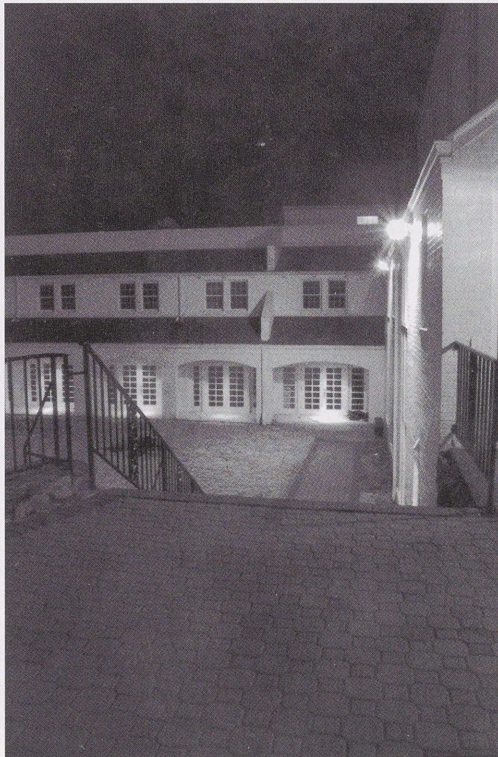
## Famous Advice

I have a dream  
that one day you will see dead people, like  
I see dead people  
and you will remember your heritage and ancestors  
And you, and him, and her will all be  
Buying a stairway to heaven  
where you can see life for once  
You'll see life as it really is because  
Life is like a box of chocolates  
Life is unpredictable you know  
and every bit of it matters  
One small step for man, is one giant step for mankind  
You can make a difference  
and when people say they  
Frankly don't give a damn  
you need to stand your ground  
demand some  
R-E-S-P-E-C-T, find out what it means  
Stay focused, because after all  
Tomorrow is another day  
and you may get lost  
and wake up and realize  
You're not in Kansas anymore  
and you will feel alone, and crazy



Crazy for feeling so lonely  
but you have to step back up to the plate  
look the pitcher in the eye and  
Swing batter, batter, swing  
know in your heart that you are going for it  
all the while staying grounded so that  
Wild horses couldn't drag you away  
you don't have to listen to me  
but I hear this is good advice.

Sally Jackson (12)



Helen Martin (12)



## Searching

Walking away from my friends,  
I search out another lone soul.  
I have suspicions that you're out there,  
But the darkness of the road covers all...  
Behind me I see my friends.  
Their faces lit by the American flag burning—  
How patriotic on this thick July night.  
I stop fearing that darkness is all that awaits me,  
Past the trees I see bursts of light and sound  
The brightly colored sparks fall distantly to the ground,  
But these are not flames sent by you.  
Turning back I see my friends wathching the  
Last of their sacrifice burn  
Giving up I walk through the dark toward them.  
Lightning bugs dance around me,  
Exploding into light from darkness.  
One zips by me lighting my path with its neon glow.  
Then just as I am about to step out of this darkness  
Into the light of the street lamp above,  
I hear the distant cry of light exploding from captivity.  
I glance behind me to see your distant flares.  
Away from the destroying friends we have both sought  
solitude from



These screams of fire are a beacon in this black night.  
They break through the blinding darkness with  
Bright precision to guide me to you.  
Stepping back from the streetlight I walk.  
A freshness in my step, until  
Your eyes meet mine, your hand comforts mine  
And we are contently alone, separate from the rest.

Michaela Mckee (12)



Megan Newman-Miller (12)



## Tight Country Lips

wailin an whinin is-a  
comin from the throats of my sisters  
sayin the country ain't fair  
an they don't wanna do their part  
fo the country

I say nothin  
cuz I got nothin to say  
bout how the world outta be  
down deep in the country  
I'm just another one o them  
country mumblers  
of sweet country words  
I say what you wanna hear  
cause I'm weak  
I got no words of my own  
them pretty little country newsanchors  
with red lipstick  
toss tidbits out  
for me to say and sound smart  
but that ain't what  
I am  
scared and stupid  
to think it matters  
that nobody like the country



it need to look in the mirror  
put on some dat redlipstick  
go out to dance  
b'fore somethin come out the shadows  
and make the country silent  
news now don't matter  
somethin's comin

what'd you say happened  
yesterday?

Laura Lee (10)



Katy Adams (12)





Katy Adams (12)

nothing is better than now,  
the flowers beside my bed, drooping,  
thier water still crystal clear.

snow is just beginning to fall  
one is caught on my new suede jacket  
flakes, imperfect

a cat, laying in the one small patch of sunlight on the  
road  
sleeping lightly  
enjoying tiny kisses from the sky

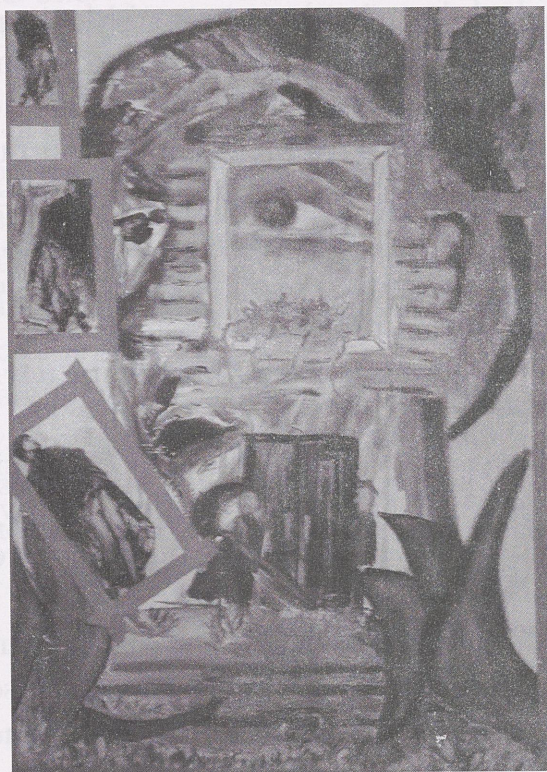
when God stops crying  
bitter cold tears  
look up  
say  
small flowers lift your weary heads

Helen Martin (12)





Leah High (12)



Betty Elrod (12)



## 250 Feet From Beauty

As I leaned over the dam, my knees locked and my muscles tightened. Feeling abandoned, like a stray hair that clings tightly to a fleece sweater, I wondered what I was going to do next. Emotions cramped my brain, leaving no room for a pure thought. On that tranquil night, I could hear the whistling wind that sent chills running up and down my spine. A drop of cold sweat fell gracefully to the pool of celadon water, making my reflection ripple away. I squinted my shameful eyes as I looked down at the mirror of Mexican liquid, waiting to see the pathetic person I had become, but the reflection that peered back at me startled my heart.

This mirror made of Mexican water drifted into my eyes as I saw myself as a child. I closed my eyes and opened my arms wide. I took one deep breath, filling my lungs with the wind's clean air and then stepped off of the ledge, soaring into the dark quiet sky.

With the cool breeze carrying my heavy soul, I flew over the cardboard huts of Tijuana. Over the crowded streets of Japan, and the terraced hillsides of China, over the great pyramids at Giza, and over the forbidden Sahara desert, I flew, drinking up every culture my eyes rested upon.

In each land I passed, I chose one boy and one girl to create something so pure, so innocent, so colorless, and so genuine. Together, we flew with the mighty wind, to a new place, never touched by any organism.



The children's feet tickled the white sand as we listened carefully to the instructions being given.

"Love, Learn, Ser..."

Before He finished his wise words, something extraordinary occurred. A Chinese boy had brought with him a small jar of green tea. The children of different nations sat happily in a warm circle, passing the small amount of liquid the Chinese boy possessed. Each taking a small sip, the children held hands and played together, as one.

The gentle wind embraced the kids and filled the children's lungs with the cleanest air and the most sincere love. "Love, Learn, Serve." With those words, the children on the island that is so pure, so innocent, so colorless and so rich produced a microcosm of the world to come; a melting pot of God's children. The people of this brilliant world asked for one simple feeling; Joy through love and kindness.

I stared back down at the reflection in the pool of celadon water. A tear gracefully danced to the bottom of the dam, as it created a mirror of a rippling Mexican pond. The reflection that floated to my eyes startled my heart, as I saw a once pathetic soul renewed.

Nancy Sisk (9)



## Smile

Behind the smile there is nothing  
but an endless void of pain and regret  
for earning a greater understanding  
of how our world works.

White teeth framed with perfectly glossed lips  
tiredly forcing the corners upward,  
lingering indifferently on the top  
of my slowly dying sanity.

Can you see past the facade?

Hinted only by the tears flooding my eyes  
or the way I clench my own fists  
every time that I smile.

Elizabeth Ramsey(12)



Melissa Mosley (12)



## Rules Broken

daily she looks for that western wall  
that's blazed through the years  
bleached by suns.  
setting flame to the crevices  
they told her not to play with fire  
it's too hot they said  
and never knew  
her heart needed heat  
not from the proverbial candle  
but from a squatting radiator  
with chipped lead paint  
and a tendency to bust

Laura Lee (12)



Anna Russell Kelly (12)



I could drown in your eyes,  
Dive right in and not look back  
The absence of light  
Soothing to my charred vision  
So quietly burned  
Scars giving birth to scars

Pink light bathing the child  
A honeyed vision of a newborn  
Delicately curled up  
Limbs folded like the gauzy petals of a rose  
She waits for her first fall from grace

I could drown in the night  
A black pool of shadow  
Fall into it and let the murk  
Flow over my head  
Wrap around me like a shroud  
Bury me in its torpid depths  
Making sure to leave no trace  
Time after time after time

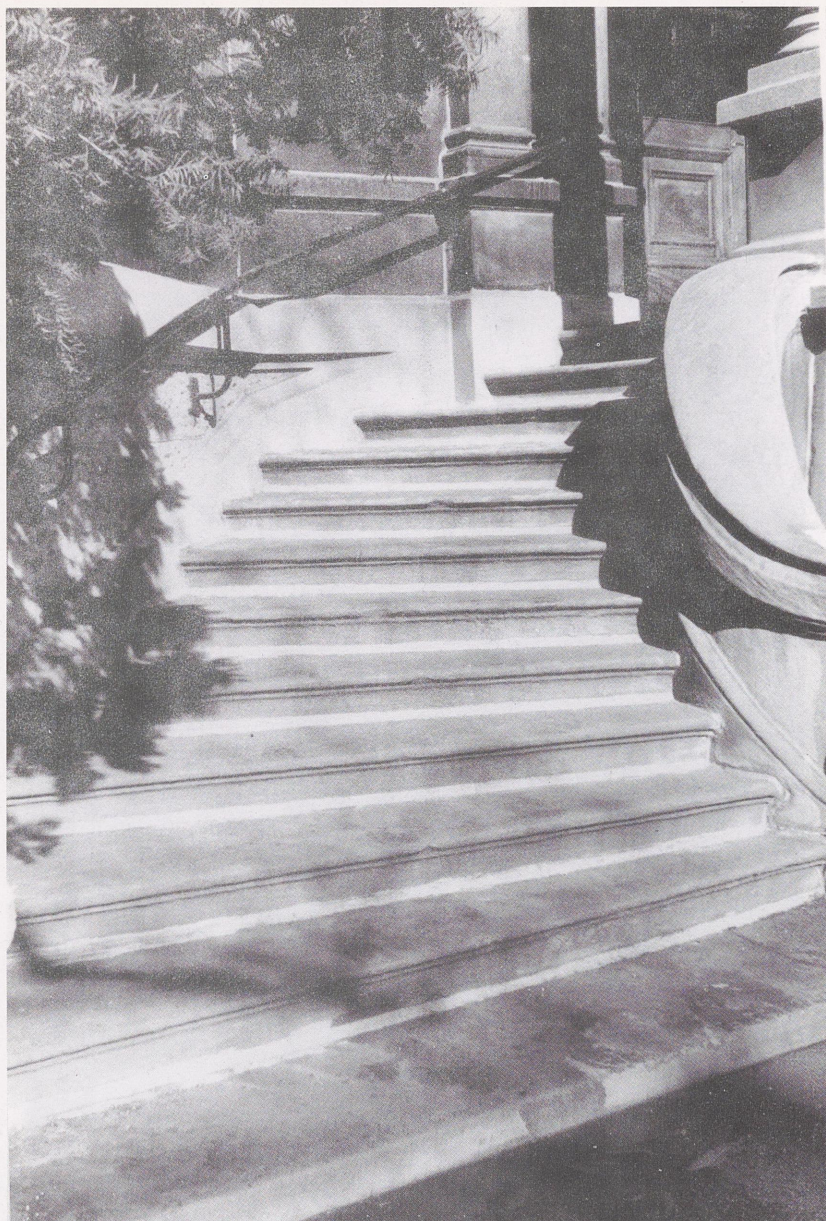
Alice Fort (11)





Alice Orman (12)





Helen Martin (12)



## Beauty

There was infinite ugliness  
In the world I perceived so I  
Chased after Beauty.  
I ran and ran till my breath  
Was captured by angels too blind  
To my earthly imperfections.  
Then Beauty's wheels came  
With their voluptuous thunder and I  
Saw his impassive face.  
What brows, and what gaze.  
His Herculean jaw quivered and induced  
The rose of a blush to mount  
Onto my brazen cheeks.  
How he caressed me, with  
Pleasurable pain like life,  
Sodden as empty heavens.  
In anguish and confusion yet he reached  
To shroud his nakedness and I  
Followed, fuddled, and fell.  
The ugliness gone, I woke to see  
Nothing changed, yet all unscathed and I  
Wondered, What is to follow?

Shirley Li (11)



# Hallmarks

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**Special Thanks to...**

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